

# Top of the Hill

Volume 6, Number 2

MBA Junior School

January 2001

## It's In to go Outing

By Chris Gioia

Over the river and through the woods is the approach of our school's Outing Club. The Outing Club is a group that takes trips just about every month, on spring break, and during the summer. Mr. Russell, Mr. Russ, and Mr. Womack lead the club and make the trips extremely enjoyable.

The first trip available to the Junior School was a three-day outing to Standing Indian Mountain in North Carolina. Mr. Russ, Mr. Russell, David Pass, Jonathan Gotterer, Nick Shockey, and I were the six people who went on the trip. It was a six-hour car ride, but it was worth it because of the scenery. We finally made

it after we got lost twice (both times Mr. Russ swears were for scenery) and



*Chris, you're blocking the scenery!!*

hiked to our campsite in the dark. We set up camp, cooked our dinner, and went to bed. We got up early the next

morning and hiked after breakfast. We hiked a trail that I would recommend for anyone who wants to have a challenging but scenic hike. There were huge, colorful leaves and fascinating streams. The hiking was up-and-down. We

stopped for lunch, a stop all hikers look forward to. After a while, we left our packs in a hidden ditch and hiked up the wrong mountain. I mentioned the mistake, but everyone thought I was crazy until we talked to another hiker. So we hiked down that mountain and up Standing Indian Mountain to the Appalachian Trail shelter. We came back down and set up our tents, but that night we slept outside and saw a myriad of

stars. We slept in a bear reserve and even though I have hiked a lot, I was

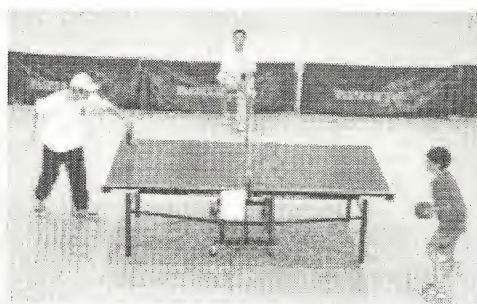
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## Making the Microbes Proud

By Staff

On November 18, 2000, 62 students, faculty, and alumni met in the gym for the 2nd ping-pong tournament. Everyone started in 13 round-robin groups of four or five people. The top two people in each group advanced into a playoff. Of these 24 gentlemen, there were a few surprises, for example, Dr. Neergaard.

Dr. Neergaard, a science teacher at MBA, showed great skill by advancing far into the tourney, but was eliminated in the quarterfinals by David Syverud.



*Game, set, match-- Microbes!!!*

David and Ted Tywang reached the finals. Teddy said he was willing to acknowledge USTTA (United States Table Tennis Association) rules,

which dictate that before serving, one must hold the ball stationary with a flat and open palm, then throw the ball six inches into the air. The ball must stay behind the table while in mid-air. Teddy was not experienced under these rules, so he only had one type of serve that was legal. Without Teddy's service variety, David beat Ted after a great performance by both boys. Defeating his opponent in straight sets (21-19, 21-11), David was crowned champion.

The tournament, which was used as a fund-raiser for the junior prom, was organized by Steven Syverud and Tipton Horn, with much help from Mr. Gaither.

### Outing cont.

scared. I awoke in the middle of the night to hear a rustling of leaves and realized the noise came from the excessively large leaves falling from very high and landing on the slope behind our camp. Even though I knew this, I



*We whistle while we work!*

stayed up for an hour that night scared to death, looking around for bears. The next morning we got up, and everyone was fine, but Jonathan Gotterer told me he had the same experience I had. Though on this trip we had very good weather, on our next trip we were not so



lucky.

The next trip was to the Fiery Gizzard trail on the Cumberland Plateau. Mr. Russell and Mr. Womack led this trip, accompanied by David Pass, Jonathan Gotterer, Nick Shockey, Charlie Boyd, Jonathan Cannon, Cotton Clark, Alex Komisar, William Chapman, Paul

Hendrick, and me. This car ride was only an hour and a half long. We started hiking and stopped for lunch at a waterfall. We kept hiking on this very hard trail and the rain caused many people to slip. To give you an idea of the trail, it was easy to lose both footing on the boulder-sized rocks and the blaze. (The blazes are marks on trees to keep hikers on the right trail.) After hiking up a huge hill, we made it

to camp and set up in the pouring rain. Most people just stayed in their tents until it was time to cook dinner, and then we went to bed getting a long sleep. After breakfast the next morning, we set off for our first stop at Ravens Point, a huge cliff. The trail back was much easier, and it was a nice day. We hiked nine miles on this trip. In my opinion, Fiery Gizzard is one of the best trails in Tennessee. It is close to Nashville, and I highly recommend it. It gets very cold in the winter, so layer up. I went two weeks later, and the temperature got down to twenty degrees fahrenheit. Our breath froze on the inside of our tents. (I am not exaggerating!!!!) The Outing Club is great for anyone who is interested in backpacking, so sign up for the next trip that is available. If you go on an Outing Club trip, please bring deodorant to spare your fellow classmates.

## Golden Boy: What a Knockout

*By Ben Turk*

I would like to congratulate Dr. Fuller on such an outstanding play. For some reason, after MBA's great musicals, Dr. Fuller chooses really bleak and sad plays. *Golden Boy* does have a sad ending, but it also contains a lot of humor.

Michael Schuller describes the play as a story about a young violinist, Joe Bonaparte who discovers he has a talent for boxing. His father, known only as Mr. Bonaparte, encourages him to keep playing the violin.

Joe Bonaparte, the *Golden Boy*, was played by John Voigt. His father and brother were played by John Humbracht and Christopher Schuller.

Jessica Turk offered me \$20 to say she was the best actor in the play. Well, this journalist cannot be bribed for only \$20. What paper does she think this is? *The Bell Ringer*? My vote for the best performer would have to be John Voigt. He really fit the role of a cock-eyed boxer who makes it big.

Everyone should attend MBA's plays because they are always entertaining. I did not attend this play four times, only twice because I had other engagements with my lady friends.

**Come join Mr.  
Russ on the next  
trip to Northern  
Alabama**



## Mr. Russ and Mr. Russell Separated at birth, or just a coincidence?

By Tommy Corts and Eric Hagemeyer

It is almost frightening for any microbe to think about. The similarities between Mr. Roderick Russ IV and Mr. Emmett Russell IV are uncanny. (Insert your own dramatic re-verb here!) They both are roughly six foot two, and they have thick, dark

hair. Their classrooms in Massey are adjacent to each other. They are both active in the outdoor program. Their wives both work at Franklin Road Academy. In fact, their wives went to the same high school. Even though you probably do not want to hear about it, they both voted for Bush (well, Mr. Russell did because

Mr. Russ did). Staying on the election topic, Mr. Russ was thoroughly annoyed with the whole issue, but Mr. Russell did not comment when asked. In the spring, both enjoy working with the varsity track team.

I, Eric Hagemeyer, am a student of both. It even perplexed me



Mr. Russ?

on the first day of school when I got my schedule. I wondered if they could possibly be *THE SAME PERSON!* I later discovered that they were, in fact, two people and not a clone of one.

Another surprising similarity is the fact that they both carry around water containers and drive stick shifts. They both spent time in England to study but, surprisingly, *NOT AT THE SAME TIME!* In the past, they had lived close to each other, but no word on their childhood acquaintance.

Now you tell me, is it just a coincidence that these two gentleman could have so many similarities, or is this a covert act of the government we were not supposed to know about?



Mr. Russell?

## One In a Million

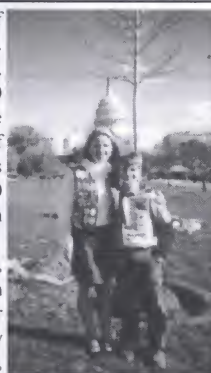
By Eric Bader

It started three years ago as one big idea that we thought was almost impossible. This plan was to have 1 million kids plant 1 million trees by the end of the year 2000. This project was called the One in a Million Campaign. In 1997, Melissa Poe, founder of Kids For a Clean Environment (Kids F.A.C.E.), developed this plan with her board members, Ashley Craw, Jill Bader, and me, Eric Bader. Kids F.A.C.E. is the world's largest youth environmental organization, and it was started in Nashville by Melissa Poe when she was nine years old.

I became involved four years ago with my sister, Jill. I participated in this campaign by planting trees, having trash clean-ups,

and I was the president of a chapter of Kids F.A.C.E. at my old school, St. Henry. Last year I distributed 700 seedlings obtained by the Tennessee Department of Forestry to the students there. I planted about 20 trees for the campaign including the last tree.

On November 17, 2000, in Washington D.C., on the grounds of our Nation's Capitol, with many of our government officials, youth leaders, and dignitaries, the one-millionth tree was planted. We had an Official Capitol Ceremony, with Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts presenting our nation's flag. Jill Bader sang the National Anthem, and Frances Hesselbein, former CEO of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. and recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, was

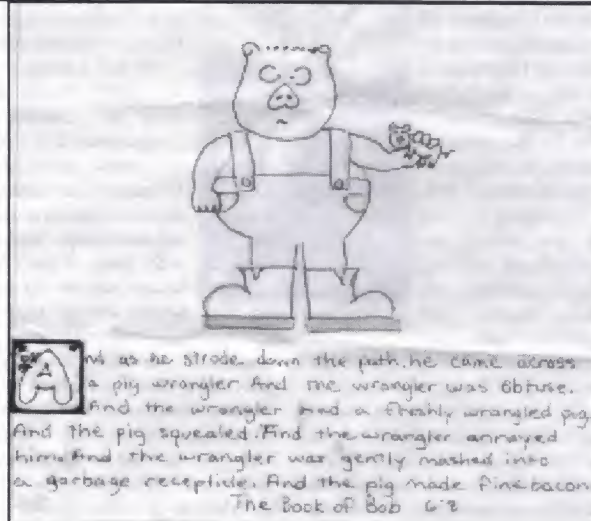
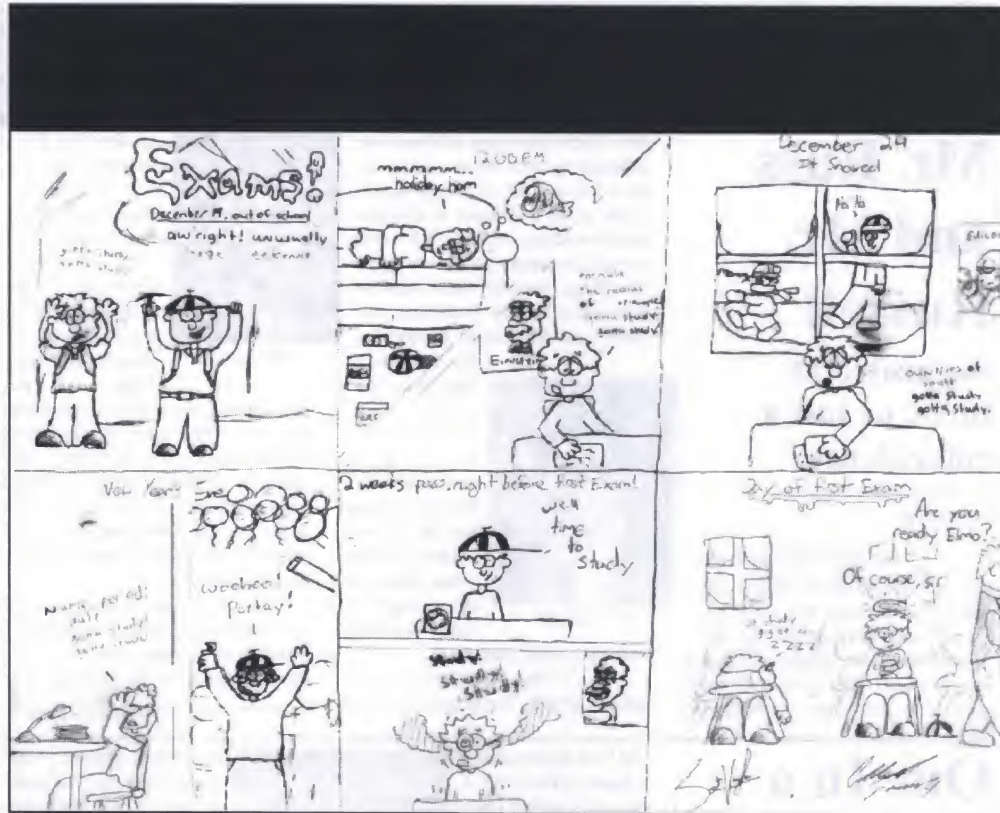


Eric Bader goes to Washington

our keynote speaker. I was in charge of collecting soil from all the states, which was added to the soil used in planting the tree. Many children participated.

We had a reception at the Senate Dirksen Building across from the Capitol, and Congressman Bob Clement welcomed each of the Tennessee youth leaders. He told me he was very proud of us and would support any project in the future. (I won't hold it against him that he and his brother attended BGA.) We received letters of

congratulations from Vice President Al Gore and General Colin Powell. Look for me in *National Geographic World* magazine, March issue. For more information about Kids F.A.C.E., go to [www.kidsface.org](http://www.kidsface.org) or write to us at P.O. Box 158254 Nashville, TN (615)331-7381.



## Mr. Carter, The Hoss

By Jonathan Gotterer and Brents Herron

Mr. Carter is the computer teacher and a coach for the MBA swim team. He used to work at Overbrook. We got the answers to some really important questions that everyone was wondering about:

Q: Who is your favorite singer and band? A: Pavement, Aden, Billy Bragg, Alison Krause, and Aaron Copeland  
Q: When you were a kid, what did you

*Continued on Page 5*



## Mr. Carter Cont.

want to be when you grew up? A: I was primarily focused on the Olympics. First I wanted to be a power lifter and later a swimmer. I grew up in a time when you could be whatever you wanted if you had a good work ethic.

Q: Why did you come to MBA? A: I grew up in Nashville and have always known that MBA was the #1 prep school. When I had the opportunity to work here, I jumped on it.

Q: Briefly describe your military career.

A: If I told you anything, I'd have to kill you.

Q: If you were to have a party, where, who, and what would it be? A: I am a big sci-fi fan, so it would have to be on the moon with Martians and a whole lot of cheese.

Q: Why do you bring a digital phone to school? A: Because the President or my wife might need to speak to me, so I am always ready.

Q: What's your favorite cheese? A: Swiss

Q: Why do you like swimming? A: It's the hardest sport. Athletes who are good at swimming may spend more



*The Band playing baseball!*

than 20 hours a week in the water plus more time lifting weights and doing dry-land work.

Q: Listerine or Scope, and what flavor?

## Crop Circle Hoax



*Mr. Carter's Band's CD insert!!*

A: Listerine, Wintergreen.

Q: Serena or Venus? A: Neither

Q: Blondes, brunettes, or red heads. A: I like 'em all.

Q: Favorite Color: A: Red

Q: "That 70's Show" or "Friends"? A: Neither

Q: If you were the grinch, what would you steal? A: Turk's presents.

Q: What size speedo do you wear? A: You couldn't handle it.

Q: Mexican girls or Swedish? A: Both

(Sorry, but I'd have to go with the Swedes on this one.)

Q: Steak or pork? A: Steak

Q: Favorite deli meat? A: Turkey

Q: How much do you bench press? A: 350!

Q: What's your best swim stroke? A: Distance free style

Q: Favorite Computer magazine? A: (In

a nerdy voice) Uh... *Game World!*

Q: What is your favorite restaurant and why? A: My wife is a wonderful cook, and I would rather eat at home with her than at any restaurant. My favorite restaurant is Baja Burrito across from 100 Oaks Mall.

Q: Where did you pick up such a good Scottish accent? A: When I was growing up, Rich Little was a great impressionist. I started there, but now there are few things that I cannot imitate.

In closing, here are a few of Daniel Patten's words that really sum up what kind of person Mr. Carter is: "He is a really great guy. He's just swell!"

Mr. Carter is not only a computer teacher and swim coach, but also he had a band of his own, which was called *Crop Circle Hoax*. It is what he calls "Low-Fi College Pop," and if you want to listen to some of his songs, just go to <http://mailquest.net/greycarter>. Some of his favorite songs on this website are "Clack," "Don't Know Why," and "Shot You." He sings in "Bend My Heart" and "50%" on this site. His band sold 1000 CD's. Some of his albums include "On My Side," "Scope Resolution Operator," and "Tour of the NATO Nations."

**Album Reviews:** "Excruciatingly good...go get it now"- *The Nashville Scene*

"One of the best pure pop bands playing today"- *Blast Magazine*

"It sprawls out comfortably...it's a comfortable listen"- *The Nashville Scene*

# Reviews

## Vertical Limit

By Kevin Seitz

If you haven't already seen this movie, I would recommend it. Whatever it lacks in character complexity and realism, it makes up for with many cliff-hanging and death-defying stunts. In a nutshell, it is a high-adrenaline tale of a young climber who must launch a treacherous and extraordinary rescue effort up K-2, the world's second highest peak, to save his sister and her summit team in a race against time. Elliot Vaughn (Bill Paxton), a Texan millionaire, funds the well-equipped expedition up K-2, along with Tom McLaren (Nicholas Lea) as the guide. To add publicity, a new hotshot climber, Annie Garrett (Robin Tunney), is also with them. It just so happens (what a coincidence) that Annie's brother Peter is photographing leopards in the area, lands at K-2 base camp, and is able to see her off. When Elliot Vaughn won't turn around when a storm threatens, the three get trapped in an ice cave high up on the mountain, and a team is assembled to rescue them. Leading them is an "old man of the mountain" hermit, Montgomery Wick, who knows everything there is to know about mountain safety and is fed up with the younger, less capable climbers. Of course, terribly frightened of losing his sister, Peter must attempt the



rescue. To make it more interesting, two wacky alcoholic Australians are thrown in, along with a woman who is fed up with mountain life and wants the reward money to get the climbers off the mountain. To create large explosions, avalanches, and perilous danger, they must carry nitroglycerine containers, which can and do explode with a light shaking. A villain emerges late in the film, and the movie-goer feels satisfaction watching him fall to his death. The actors may not be Academy

Award winners, but there are plenty of cliffhanger scenes, large explosions, and overly exaggerated scenes of people hanging perilously from ropes high in the air. Of course, there is also the exploding footwear, and a "peoplesicle." A definitely go-see movie, but not good enough to make a large impact, other than the message it sends to the general public: "Don't go alpine climbing with nitroglycerin strapped to your back."

## Unbreakable

### The 7th Sense?

By Kevin Seitz

*Unbreakable* is a short but clever movie that attempts to relate everyday life with comic books. It has the same director as *Sixth Sense*

and also stars Bruce Willis. I'd highly recommend this movie because of its clever and well-developed plot. The unique idea that someone can be



"unbreakable" makes for an entertaining movie. *Unbreakable* is full of surprises at every turn. If you've seen the trailer, you know that David Dunne (Willis) is the only survivor of a terrible train crash, but he doesn't have even a scratch on his body. While this is surprising, the way in which the film is shot, along with the atmosphere the movie creates, leaves it totally unpredictable. Elijah Price (Samuel L. Jackson), whose bones are extremely brittle, contacts David Dunne and tells him that he believes David is similar to Superman in that he cannot be hurt. David simply dismisses the idea, saying that he broke his arm in college in a car wreck. While David works at the Philadelphia stadium as a security guard, Elijah tries to convince him of the Superman theory. David does possess surprising powers, which lead to a series of even more unexpected events. The end is the best part of the whole movie and fully worthy to be the ending of such a fantastic film. The finale makes everyone leave the theater in awe. The film is short, but that only adds to the movie. Even though the movie did not do too well in the box office, it's truly a must-see.



# Dude, Where's My Movie Review?

By Grant Thomas and Ben Turk

Walking out of theater #14 at the Green Hills Cinema, we felt that our lives had been completed after seeing *Dude, Where's My Car*. All we could say was, "Dude, that was sweet." For the average person, this movie was probably a waste of a hard-earned \$8.



but for its prime audience--bored, fourteen-year old males--it was a life-changing experience. In our eyes, Kristi Boner was definitely the star of this epic film adventure. We liked her not only because of her class-A "hoo-hoos," but also because of her astonishing acting skills and "giving" personality. We could go on forever about Kristi's hoo-hoos, so we might as well. . .No, the real reason we're writing this is to discuss the great plot, a notably-above-average, intergalactic battle fought over the fate of the universe between Jesse and Chester, everyone's favorite stoners, a bisexual stripper, two "frisky" Austrian aliens,

a cult that dresses in bubble wrap, and a group of intergalactic, rounded hotties. That's pretty much it. Our favorite parts in this soon-to-be Academy Award-winning film occur when the blind kid shows the hot aliens how to greet people on earth and when Jesse and Chester get beat up by a group of wild ostriches. All and all, we rate this movie--"Shibby" which is infinite stars to the 101<sup>st</sup> power. If you haven't seen *Dude, Where's My Car*, you're long time overdue for a loser-bashing.

## A Punk Outlook On Music

By Van Diehl

Creed, they stink, period, no further discussion. 3<sup>rd</sup> Eye Blind, Matchbox 20, Papa Roach, they are good, oh wait no they are not! Punk is the best music

style today. It is so fast, that it blows my mind. Oh yeah, Less Than Jake is not a punk band. If you want real punk listen to NOFX! Also there are fervent punk concerts at the Next Generation. You should check it out sometime. 311, Bueno, and NOFX are the way to go!

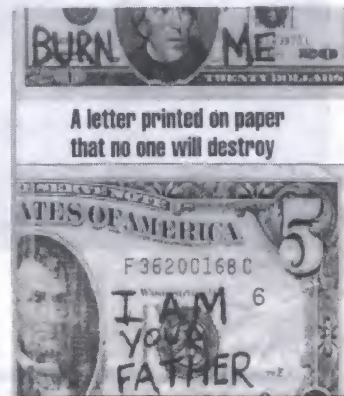
## RAGE

By Jonathon Cannon

Only one word is fit to describe the new Rage Against the Machine record: strange. This record is compiled completely of covers: Bob Dylan's "Maggie's Farm,"

The Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man," Cypress Hill's "How Could I Just Kill a Man?" The MC5's "Kick Out the Jams," among others.

The absence of original lyrics takes each song in a completely different direction, and there is little uniformity between them, other than the hard rock edge that is at the band's core. Not that this is bad, but like I said, strange. Even though the songs are all covers, Rage still hasn't diluted its signature political activism (it played a protest concert at the Democratic National Convention last August). While some of the tracks are in the vein of "Look how dope my MC be" "Microphone Fiend, How Could I Just



Rage Album Insert

Kill a Man," many of the songs they chose to cover are politically charged, the most obvious being their cover of Bruce Springsteen's "The Ghost of Tom Joad." Rage transforms Springsteen's bluesy harmonica ballad about southwestern poverty into a dynamic song reminiscent of "Freedom" (on their 1993 self-titled debut), which does an even better job of conveying Springsteen's vision of the bleakness of poverty with their atmospheric delayed guitar riffs. Finally, while the tracks do not speak to current political issues, as their 1998 record "The Battle of Los Angeles" did, the insert in the CD (in the picture) certainly makes up for the o m i s s i o n .

# Wrestling

## Men In Spandex ;-)

By Ben Turk

The 'Crobes had some tough guys on the 2000 Microbe wrestling squad from



*Why are you resisting? You're going to lose sooner or later.*

Clay "Nose Bleeder" Caroland to Justin "Boofer" Hall.

We almost had a perfect season. Our dual meet record was 14-1. The biggest slaughter we dealt out was to Harding. The score was 84-0. It took us only 15 minutes to send the Harding Generals packing. We only lost to Grassland Middle School by 10 points.

We faced Grassland on a Tuesday. That next Saturday we met them in the finals of the 1<sup>st</sup> Annual MBA Dual Meet Tournament. The team pulled out a close victory with contributions from everyone. At the Indian Creek Classic, our team placed first. Richard "Wall-Punching" Greathouse won best match, and Coach McBride won best coach. The most important match of our season was against Ensworth. Again as in football, Ensworth talked a lot of trash before the match, but could not produce a final product. (So far the 2000 Microbes are



*Great move by Greathouse!!*

3-0 versus the frolicking felines of Ensworth.)

The final event that was needed for our team to have a perfect season was to become the HVAC Champions of the World. This goal was not accomplished. We placed second behind Grassland. We had a great season anyway and would like to thank our coaches.

Also, Matt "7th Grader" Eskind was voted the best exhibitor of the year.

### The MBA 2000 Microbe HVAC Wrestlers

	Indian Creek Classic	HVAC
Heavyweight Matt "Bubeast" Bubis <b>Captain</b>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup>
175 lbs. Davis "The Meathead" Martin	1 <sup>st</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>
160 lbs. Luke "I'm from Dickson" Brown		2 <sup>nd</sup>
145 lbs. Caldwell "Don't Make Me Mad" Tanner	3 <sup>rd</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>
135 lbs. Ben "Bigmouth" Turk <b>Captain</b>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup>
127 lbs. Richard "Wall-Punching" Greathouse	2 <sup>nd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>
120 lbs. Clay "Nose-Bleed" Caroland		3 <sup>rd</sup>
112 lbs. Paul "I Need a Haircut Badly" Knoll	3 <sup>rd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>
107 lbs. Nick "The Celebrator" Luna	3 <sup>rd</sup>	2 <sup>nd</sup>
100 lbs. Chris "My Mom Made that Shirt" Woolsey	4 <sup>th</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>
95 lbs. Brents "Rudy" Herron <b>Captain</b>	2 <sup>nd</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup>
88 lbs. Patrick "Arm-Twisting" Bradley		
82 lbs. Bracey "Brace Yourself" Wilson		
75 lbs. Ben "I Have Many Brothers" Bellet	1 <sup>st</sup>	1 <sup>st</sup>

Coach "Goober" McBride

Coach "Has a Really Cool Son" Jenkins

Coach "Wait'll You Meet My Fiance" Sowell



# Soccer

## Short Shorts and Long Shots

By Craig Stewart

The Junior School soccer team had an above-average year, finishing the season at 8-4, which was disappointing because last year's team had a phenomenal season. We were led by captains Bryant Hahnfeldt, who scored ten goals on the season, Jeff Glaser, and Charlie Boyd. We were coached by Coach Klausner and Coach Mosen, who also instructs the Tennessee Metros, and is better than our whole team combined. The managing crew was headed by Matthew Doster and Trevor Redding. Derek Pitman served as team statistician. Although we had many people worthy of the honor, Eastman Landry was chosen as our representative for the all-HVAC team.

The first game we played was against arch-rival BGA. We played the entire bench the second half and still managed to control the ball the whole game, winning 2-1. We became a much more experienced, arrogant team after this win, and moved on to DCA. DCA endured our bombardment of blazing shots as we stormed to a huge victory. The exact score has been debated, but it is thought to be somewhere between 7 and 10-0. BA suffered the misfortune of being our opponent for the team's only home game. In front of our home crowd, we shut out the Eagles 3-0 with superior defensive efforts by Eastman

Landry, PJ Fox and Craig Stewart. In our worst performance of the year, we slopped through a close game against BMS. Mac "Machariah" Keith scored a last minute goal to win 3-2. Our first loss of the year came in a heart-breaking 2-1 tragedy against Freedom. Bonn Davis infiltrated our defense on numerous occasions— we would have our revenge. The game against FRA was the most fun of the year. It began as a typical clash between two overconfident teams, but the game became dangerous when Eric Beiter, the only 7<sup>th</sup> grader to start every game, unintentionally flipped an FRA player upside-down by ducking while his victim jumped up onto his back. This set off a chain reaction of massive hacks and aggressive tripping. Jeff Glaser and John Tyler Souder engaged in their personal battle of trash talk and "gettin' in his refrigerator." This was very amusing to watch. We emerged victorious again with a 2-1 win on two goals from Paul "Pauly" Crook,

but the team was dealt a terrible blow as "Dr. Glaser" was given a red card, so we could not use him against Grassland. This game was very embarrassing. We lost 2-0, and I prefer to never speak of it again. A much anticipated game was against USN. We defeated them 1-0, scoring in the opening sequence. USN was undefeated at the time, and they were humbled by our superiority. The last regular season matchup was against Woodland. We were very evenly matched, but they scored in the closing minutes, on a fluke. We lost 1-0.

Going into the playoffs at 7-3, we felt a loss would not be possible be-

cause we had improved dramatically. Our first duel was against and at Freedom. We came out strong, dominating the entire game until the last minute, when we started slacking. They scored

in this minute eliminating our shutout, but we eliminated their title hopes with this 2-1 triumph. Advancing to the semis, we encountered our most difficult opponent, Woodland. Everyone wanted sweet vengeance. The

game was scheduled to begin at 8:00 at night, but due to two previous games which ran long, we did not start until after 9:00. Not only was it late, but it was also freezing cold, literally. The first half we played horribly, playing "Boomball" instead of passing smoothly. The second half we realized that if we lost, we were out of the tournament. We came out on fire, but we just could not score. The game marched into overtime, and then a second. Neither team could put the ball in the back of the net. In the sudden-death overtime which followed, we were kept alive by brilliant goal-keeping from Jonathan Gotterer and excellent defense. The shootout, which I could write a novel about, ensued. We were tired and cold, and to make a long story short, we lost on P.K.s 4-3. Although we lost the game, we were all proud of the performance we put on.

Some memorable moments from the season were: Little Sev and Beiter's hiding in the overhead compartments of the infamous prison bus, the foulest at FRA, the freezing mudslides on the lower field, endless "scirmages," and the midnight epic against WMS, which I will never forget.



Kick it low, hard, and right at 'em.



Gotterer

# Tabloid News

## Teachers' Scandals Revealed!!

Compiled by Justin Hall and Craig Stewart

Some people may think that they have done the dumbest weirdest, things in the world. These people may be surprised to hear that their favorite teachers have also done their share of mischievous deeds. They have also been as embarrassed as anyone. The following are true stories of your teachers as you have never thought of them before.

**Mrs. Franks-** When I was in the junior school, we had to take Home Economics. We had to make a skirt as a project. This was in the days of mini skirts (like today), and if your skirt was too short, you got sent home.

I wore my new skirt (approved by the Home Economics teacher). The principal stopped me in the hall and made me kneel down in the middle of everyone changing classes so he could measure the length of my skirt. Of course everyone passing by

thought that this was just a hilarious sight... I was so embarrassed!! He did make me call my mom and change my skirt. By then, I was more angry than embarrassed because my teacher had helped me hem the skirt!!!

**Ms. Sadler-** I was on an out-of-town track trip in high school. We were supposed to be in bed, resting up for the race the next day, but instead we were all out in the Holidome playing games and running around. My coach

woke up and caught us: some in the hot tub, some playing games, some shooting pool, and me right in the middle of one of the pool tables doing a headstand.

I spent the rest of the night sleeping on the floor in my coach's room!!!! oooooops!!!

**Mr. Michael-** I was in Mr. Gioia's first period English class on one snowy day, and we pushed metal cabinets in front of the door and drew a snowman in a noose.

**Mrs. Bourland-** I had a doctor's appointment one day after cheerleading practice in the ninth grade, and after I left, the rest of the squad went to a nearby drugstore where everyone hung out. For fun, The girls decided to see if they could steal cans of hairspray. The next morning, the principal called all the cheerleaders into the office because the drugstore owner had called and reported the theft.

Angry and disappointed, he relieved everyone of her cheerleading responsibilities except me. Today I still wonder if I would have succumbed to the temptation to pilfer hairspray.

**Mr. Klausner-** When I was a senior, I played safety on the football team. The coach had been screaming at me because I was always coming to the pile-ups late in the game films. He said,

"I want you part of every tackle!" So for homecoming against Old Hickory Academy, I was determined to be in on every tackle. The first three running plays I was there--diving into the pile, knowing the coach would finally get off my back. I knew come film time Sunday the coach would see number 23 (I think) diving into every pile. On the next play, huge crowd watching and cheering, their quarterback gave the ball to their tailback coming through the four hole. I was there first to slam him.

Unfortunately, as I hit him, I saw the quarterback peel off and drop back, and I realized the tailback did not have the ball I was hoping to see. As I lifted my eyes, I saw the pass go over my head into the deep zone I was supposed to be covering. Luckily, Wade Thornton tackled the receiver on the three yard-line, but the damage was done. They scored on the next play. Nice homecoming!!

**Mr. Husband-** I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade; I was dressed in a new shirt, and feeling cool. I was in homeroom when I discovered that everyone was laughing at me.

Why? One buddies pulled the cardboard from the collar of my new shirt and everyone was laughing. My name for the rest of the year was "Cardboard Boy."

**Mrs. Christeson-** I was boringly good

*Continued on Page 11*



## Teachers cont.

in school (I'm sure you're surprised) except in the first grade. I spent almost all of the first grade in the corner for talking and shouting in class. I even had to stand in the corner in the cafeteria during lunch for shouting in the cafeteria. I think that's when I first got skinny.

My most embarrassing moment, however, was in 9<sup>th</sup> grade English. We were reading Poe's story about the Black Death (I can't remember the name), and the teacher was asking us questions in class to check that we read carefully. She asked how the rooms were lit, since the castle was enclosed from the outside. I raised my hand and replied that behind the windows of each room were flaming braziers which provided the light in the room. I think that "flaming braziers" is the actual phrasing from the story. I remember thinking, even as I said it, that I was going to sound funny, since I had a misconception about how to say the second word. But I went ahead and confidently answered, "They were lit by flaming brassieres," (which was how I thought you pronounced "braziers"). There was a gasp and then silence in the room following my response. Then the teacher, Sister Mary Bernard, asked, "WHAT did you say???" and the whole class erupted in laughter. I was mortified. For the rest of the day, all

my classmates, indeed the whole school, inquired about my underwear!! And it was not forgotten for the rest of my time at St. Cecilia. For the senior prediction when I graduated, I was predicted to be a successful business woman, with my own line of lingerie.

specializing in a particularly successful type of bra!!

**Mr. Carter-** I earned a reputation for beating up the school bully. After that, there was nothing that any other student would not do for me. One of my

classmate's mother even fixed me lunch everyday.

**Mrs. Ashworth-** In tenth grade, I wrote a note to a guy on the desk. We all had assigned seats, and he sat in my same chair the following period. In his response, he put my name (I was smart enough to leave out names) and I had to come after school and wash off all of the desks.

In twelfth grade, I decided to stay longer at senior lunch and not return to economics class. It was the one day the teacher took roll... probably because I convinced four other classmates to stay longer with me, so we all missed economics. I received detention hall for that. Sort of like a demerit hall, but at 6:00 am on Friday. Problem was, I overslept my detention hall and was given another one for missing the first.

**Mr. Wims-** One time I was sneaking into the teachers' lounge to buy a Coke after school in the fifth grade and got caught. They took my Coke and did not reimburse me. Scarred for life!

**Mrs. Pettus-** One day when I was in Mr. Lackey's 9<sup>th</sup> grade General Science class at Litton Junior High, we had a

substitute teacher. My good friend, Carol Galloway, decided it would be fun to swap names when the substitute called roll. I foolishly agreed. For the next 5 0

minutes, Carol Galloway, using MY NAME, proceeded to act obnoxious in every possible way. I was a nervous wreck the entire afternoon and night, knowing I would be in BIG trouble the next day. To Carol's credit, she went to Mr. Lackey the next morning and confessed. She was a real charmer and didn't get in any trouble. More important, I didn't get in any trouble either!

**Mr. Russell-** I got my ear pierced in Jamaica in summer of my sophomore year.

**Dr. Marro-** I was caught off campus for lunch. I wound up coming out when the principal and a guest walked in.

**Mr. Bernatavitz-** I forgot to read the directions on my English exam and lost 20 points!

**Mr. Brown-** I was teaching at a co-ed school in Dickson, and it was just after lunch. Everyone was laughing at me and I did not know why. Then I felt a breeze and realized my fly was open, and why I was suddenly so funny!

**Mrs. Gulvas-** It was my senior year in high school in Toledo, Ohio. My best friend was the editor of the school yearbook. He had the great idea to take pictures of my horse

*Continued on Page 13*

## Teachers Continued

Leon at different places in the school. We dressed Leon up in different costumes and snuck him around taking pictures. He was a very tolerant soul. The French teacher was surprised when a handsome, mustached horse wearing a beret at a jaunty angle entered her room. She went along with the gag thinking we had permission from the principal. Little did she know that when our request was turned down, we went outlaw, citing our first amendment rights. Leon was so photogenic. We put an apron and a hair net on him and placed him behind the lunch counter like he was serving. In the gym, his feet were in tennis shoes, and he wore a basketball jersey. He was really interested in the ball we bounced in front of him. Our final photo was Leon dressed up as Bloody Mary, a character in the play *South Pacific*. He wore a grass skirt and a coconut brassiere. It was a great photo, but at this point, we ran into trouble. You see, the school's drama room was on the second floor. You can get a horse to go upstairs easily, but he really has a hard time going down.

By this time the head of discipline, Mr. R. was after us. Desperate, we stuffed poor Leon into the elevator. There was barely enough room for me to ride with him. As the doors opened, I could see Mr. R. down the hall. I stayed on the far side of Leon as we ran out the door. Jumping on bareback, Leon and I took off running down the street. Mr. R. was right behind us in his car. When we made it across the highway and into the woods, I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking I was home free. Unfortunately, when I walked in the door at my house, who was drinking coffee with my mother, but Mr.

R.! I was so busted. I couldn't use the car all summer and was expelled the last week of school. I had to do some fancy talking to even graduate!

Don't think this is the end of the story. Picture me twenty years later as a student teacher going on my first big assignment. Guess who was the principal of the school I had to work at? You are right, it was Mr. R. Did he remember me? Oh yeah. The moral of the story is: Don't think what you do in school won't matter in a few years. People have long memories.

**Mr. Spiegl-** OK. Here's the scoop, and this is a true story, but not one of which I am particularly proud!

Fourth grade, Ms. Dufour's class, and I adore her because she is young, competent, firm and funny. I discovered while on a mandatory opera Sunday with the fam that the carpets at Clowes Hall could produce enormous static shocks, and that the soap dispensers in the fancy restrooms produced thin sheets of soap. "How very cool!" (I don't recall a lot of *Madame Butterfly* from those days.) I took some of the soap sheets home and decided that they looked like thin communion wafers, that I saw on a daily basis while serving Mass. I trimmed some soap sheets to very circular dimensions and convinced a friend to try an "unconsecrated" host that the priest had given me because it was stale. He tried the soap host, and I realized I had a great gag on my hands. Enter the devil..... Friends, realizing the value of this trick to break new ground, dared me to try it on Ms. Dufour in class. How could I betray my sweetheart? She trusted me!! They were my friends!!

What a dilemma. In my right mind, I never would have done it, convinced Ms. Dufour to try an unconsecrated host that Father Minta had tossed. To this day, I am sure that the devil was on the Our Lady of Lourdes campus that day and had a hold of the entire fourth grade. Ms. Dufour, innocently trusting me, put the "host" on her tongue and closed her mouth to savor it. I will never forget the look on her face! The laughs were good that day, but short-lived; the punishment was painful, and this was the first entry onto my "permanent record." But nothing hurt me more than the trust of a good woman that I lost forever.

**Maybe Mr. Gioia should run backroun background checks before renewing contracts.**

**The entire Top of the Hill staff thanks everyone who purchased pizza during exams.** Especially Alex Lamballe.

**We now have a new digital camera.**



*The first picture made with our digital camera.*



# Random Shots



- A. The Flying Squirrel
- B. Rabid Bodnar on the Loose
- C. Attack of Matt Mothra



- A. Quasimodo
- B. La la la la, la la la la, Bransfi's Song
- C. Puff, the magic Bransford lives by the sea, and frolics in the autumn mists in a land called Bransfi.
- D. Bransford amat Bransford!!!



- A. Ha Ha, he thinks his photon can destroy my zonaray.
- B. Ha Ha, they made fun of Bransford.
- C. Turk thought *canis* was a verb.



- A. My mom doesn't love me. She didn't get me a Playstation 2.
- B. Man, I only beat Bransford by two on the National Math Exam.
- C. Mr. Whitfield, I'm dizzy. Could you please stop pacing?



- A. For luscious lips, call 1-800-LIL-SEVY
- B. I am a distinguished ping-pong champion as well as a mathrobe!
- C. Whistlin' Dixie

# Politics

## Another Helping of Politics and Stuff

By Jonathan Cannon

No matter which side you were on, everyone agrees that this past election was an abomination, not only because it took about a month for the results to come in, but because the results were disputed so ruthlessly by both sides.

For Dubya to argue that the election results should not be counted for any reason, whether it's a good one or not, is against the basic principles of democracy, free and fair elections. How

c a n  
t h e  
e l e c  
t i o n  
b e  
e i t h e r  
f r e e  
o r  
f a i r  
u n l e s s  
a l l  
v o t e s  
a r e  
c o u n t e d ?  
F l o r i d a ' s  
s t o n e -

***In a democracy,  
these people's  
votes should be  
counted, and they  
weren't!***

age voting system rejected 185,000 votes. In a democracy, these people's votes should be counted, and they weren't. Why? Because every attempt by Gore's lawyers (not to say that Gore was a "freedom fighter" because, of course, they just wanted to win) to instate or reinstate recounts was stopped by Bush and his lawyers, greedy for victory. And, if they wanted to win, they knew they must stop the recounts. Some of you may not have remembered, but way back on Election

Night the press reported that Florida was probably going to go to Gore. They reached this conclusion because a majority of the people questioned as they exited the polls said they voted for Gore. However, since 185,000 votes were thrown out, including a large portion of the black vote, which goes 90% for Democrats, Bush won by about 200 votes. But, of course, the GOP demanded that the absentee military ballots be counted because they're worth more than the 185,000 of you regular voters, who aren't serving your country.

The next abomination of the 2000 election involved the black vote in Florida. This was not covered at all, and I do mean AT ALL, by the press, but here's the skinny. In predominantly black precincts, cheaper and less accurate voting machines were used. The result was that in Miami-Dade County, votes in predominantly black precincts were thrown out at four times the rate of votes in predominantly white precincts (NY Times). Almost 10% of the votes in pre-

dominantly black precincts of Miami Dade County were thrown out because of the cheaper voting machines. Even more shocking, Florida Secretary of State Katherine Harris, an ardent Bush supporter, reportedly paid 4 million dollars of her own money to a private firm called Choice Point to "cleanse," or remove, voters from voting rolls because of prior

felonies. The names they used were not reviewed locally as they were supposed to (Indymedia.com), and as a result 8,000

p e o p l e ,  
m a i n l y b l a c k ,  
w e r e w r o n g l y  
d e n i e d t h e i r  
c o n s t i t u t i o n a l  
r i g h t t o  
v o t e . A l s o ,  
o n e l e c t i o n  
n i g h t , t h e  
N A A C P w a s  
d e l u g e d w i t h  
r e p o r t s f r o m  
v o t e r s , c o m  
p l a i n i n g  
a b o u t b e i n g  
i n t i m i d a t e d  
a t t h e p o l l s , b e



*Confused?*

ing asked for superfluous ID, or being denied language interpretation.

One very interesting show of hypocrisy by both sides was displayed in its full glory in the final court battle between Gore's camp and Bush's camp. Bush appealed the Supreme Court of Florida's order to commence recounts to the U.S. Supreme Court, basically going completely against the GOP's ideal of States' rights (like in the Civil War), while Gore's camp argued for States' rights. This just shows that when it all boils down to it, the two parties are not



*What is this imbecile  
talking about!!*

fighting for their political ideals, they're just two rival gangs (as Jesse Ventura so aptly puts it: the "Demo-Bloods and the Republi-Crypts") fighting over turf in the Senate and in the White House. If they'll go against these ideals, why won't they go

against all of them? This is a good transition to the next, totally unrelated, topic I



would like to discuss.

In past elections, what's really at stake is whether the government will win the upper hand against the U.S. corporations, or whether the U.S. corporations will win the upper hand against the U.S. government. The "issues," abortion, gun control, etc., play a major part as well, but the corporations' battle is also very important. In this election, however, major corporations donated staggering amounts of money, millions upon millions of dollars, to both parties, not just the GOP. Dubya, and the GOP, have supported the corporations in their battle against the "communist forces" of Gore and the Democrats. (Can you sense the sarcasm? To call the Democrats socialists is an insult to socialists everywhere.) So what's wrong with major corporations, you ask? Well, for starters, they don't pay their taxes. While our parents are dishing out a large portion of their income to the government, 44 of the biggest U.S. corporations didn't pay the standard 35% tax rate to the government. In fact, seven of them, including General Motors, the US's biggest corporation, paid less than 0% in taxes ([www.eps-dc.org](http://www.eps-dc.org)), due to rebates crafted by the government officials to whom they donated millions of dollars. Well, so what, ya Commy! The corporations employ a lot of people, right? Actually, no. The world's Top 200 corporations control 25% of the world's "economic activity" (money), and employ a whopping .91% of it's workforce (notice the decimal). This problem is not getting better: between 1983 and 1999, the profits of the Top 200's grew by 362%, while their employment rate grew by only 14.4%. (The aforementioned figures can be explained in living color at [www.eps-dc.org](http://www.eps-dc.org)) To put this in laymen's terms, the Top 200 do not employ nearly enough people to go along with the amount of money they have. This, by the way, is the message that Ralph Nader was trying to deliver to America, but he unfortunately was not able, because he was not included the presidential debates.

## Strong Finish: 7th B-Ball

By Nick Power

After the first set of tryouts, six seventh graders were selected as the 2000-2001 seventh grade basketball squad. The roster includes Daniel Hightower, Nick Anand, Nick Power, Hayes Ragan, Thomas Sanders and Mitchell Williams. Our coach is Mr. Russell, and the statistician is Derek Pitman. After three days of practice, we took the court against the St. Henry's Tigers. We did well for our first time to play as a team. We dominated in a 42-23 win. Next, we played our arch rivals, the BA Eagles. Because of our lack of players, we were forced to play a zone defense. The other team just had too many players, including some quick, athletic guards. The result was a loss. We headed into our next game against Goodpasture with a 1-1 record. The game was neck and neck until the last few seconds. Even with outstanding play from our postmen and the creative ball-handling skills of Nick Anand, we were unable to grasp the victory. A questionable call by the referee allowed Goodpasture to win by two free throws.

Our first road game came against Freedom Middle. Even though we gave it our all, their team overpowered us, and we were forced to take another frustrating loss. Over the holiday break, we began to improve. We had been practicing with the eighth grade, led by Coach Meyer, as one team. The next week three other seventh graders, Scott Hearon, Luke Brown, and Reese Smith, were added to the team. Finally, with a full team, we took the court against BA again. Luke and Daniel were very aggressive when it came to rebounding. We played with determination to win. The score was close until the last few minutes of the game when BA started to pull away. In the end, our opposition won. Coach Russell was happy with the improvement of our team's performance compared to the first encounter with BA. Our last game to date



Hightower Tips

was against Brentwood Middle School, which had a very talented squad, dominated by one big post/guard player. In spite of numerous steals by Thomas Sanders, and great effort by all team members, we were only able to come within two points of their lead. With each game we are improving more and working better as a team. We have eight games remaining in the season, and invite you to come support the BIG RED microbe basketball teams. GO BIG RED!!

## D'oh, I Missed It!

By Scott Vaughn

It has come to my attention that many people in the Junior School



enjoy watching the t.v. show, "The Simpsons." So, I have put together some trivia for a prize to whoever gets the most correct. (Turn in your answers to Craig Stewart by February 9.)

1. What is the Simpson's address?
2. What is the name of Springfield's baseball team?
3. What city neighbors Springfield?
4. What type of cigarette is smoked in Springfield?
5. Who is Bart's favorite comic book hero?
6. Who owns the military antique store in Springfield?
7. What is the full name of the mayor of Springfield?
8. Which sector does Homer work in?
9. Who are the four doctors/professors in Springfield?
10. What instrument does Lisa play?
11. What is Apu's last name?

12. Who was the mother of the 25 puppies?
13. How much does Bart sell his soul for?
14. What are two of Homer's life-long dreams?
15. What is Maggie's favorite cartoon?
16. Who does the voice of Homer Simpson? (Now)
17. Who created the Simpsons?
18. What show did the Simpsons originally appear on?
19. What is Marge's greatest fear?
20. What fruit does Ralph Wiggum cheer for?

## Popovichication Red Hot Popoviches

By Caldwell Tanner

He's a guy from Cleveland who enjoys his caffeineation.

And all the boys in English dream of vocab memorization.

And if you want these kind of grades, it's Popovichication.

It's the... Oxford Edition and it's full of information.

You'll have to try to magnify cause the words have shrinkefication.

It's understood that it's all good with Popovichication.



Milquetoast is his favorite type of vocabulariation.

He knows how to blurb real well; he calls it blurbification.

Pop some popocorn,

Eyebrow scorn

Dream of Popovichication, Dream of Popovichication.

## Top Ten Nagle-isms

1. Dude, Where's My Nagle?
2. Nagle and creme cheese
3. Have you ever loved a Nagle?
4. Wizard of Nagle
5. Strawberry Nagles Forever
6. Rage Against the Nagle
7. Red Hot Chili Nagles
8. Chicken McNagle
9. Blair Witch 3: The Nagle-ing
10. Nagle: Warrior Princess

**Congratulations to  
Eighth Graders Jake  
Wright and Jack  
Eakin and Seventh  
Graders David  
Syverud and Kevin  
Seitz for becoming  
the high scorers on  
the National Math  
Exam**



# Basketball

## Keep On the Streak

By Kyle Mayo

With the fresh season of winter fast approaching, many of the 8th graders laced up their sneakers and tried out for the basketball team. We looked to have a season to remember, and contrary to popular beliefs, we are improving. The people who made the team include Preston Adams, Brian Harris, Phillip Robinson, CJ "Talks Too Much" Hurt, Taylor Gould, Bransford (A.K.A: Abominable Bransford, Baby Bransford, Bran Muffin, and the Royal We) Maxwell, Brenton Harrison, Hughes Tipton, Kyle Mayo, Ryan Burns, and Tee Patterson.

In our first game we exploded with a confidence-building win over Christ the King. We played them in the Overbrook Classic, which features many teams from around the region. In the tournament we finished 4th by

losing to Avery Trace and W.J. Baird. With the tournament over, we looked to avenge the losses by taking on heated rival Brentwood Academy. We did not fair well in the battle but showed improvement. With losses to Grassland and CPA by only narrow margins, we found we were finally competing, one

of the focal points for this season. After an agonizing defeat to Woodland, we played the best game of the season at home against Brentwood Middle. Many players contributed to the much-needed victory. With great shooting from Tee Patterson and dominant defense and inside play off Taylor Gould and Baby Bransford, we held the Vikings to a low score. I recently talked to one of Brentwood's players who blamed their lack of lay-up

conversions and 8th grade starters for the loss. As we all know, we flat out opened a can on them. Fresh off the emotional high, we lost to Lipscomb in another narrow fashion. Now, aiming to take on the USN Tigers (and the officials,) we stepped into the dungeon of a gym in downtown. I know the way we started the game was poor, but we

had the game stolen from us by the refs. For example, they stood at the three-point line obscuring play and basically "screening" the defense. They also called Ryan Burns for two lane violations, but he clearly stepped away from the line the second time. The refs must have taken some Prozac or

sedative before the game because clearly their vision was blurred. We ended up losing to USN by one point because of Ryan's supposed lane violations. However, we now took on revered Page. We came together as a team and rallied from behind by ten

points to pull ahead late in the third quarter. The entire last quarter went nipped and tuck all the way to



Meyers, "CJ, no more air balls."

the end when we lost by a measly four points.

Besides the season, many people wish to hear the other side of the story. Some miscellaneous instances in the locker room showed the Bransformator chasing down innocent small people such as Chris Woolsey. The Giant Bransfi sang one of his many songs of death and delivered a punishing professional fake wrestling move to the helpless Chris. Other stories include Coach Meyer's making fun of CJ and his shot, saying that his air balls embarrass his family. And most recently Coach Meyer asked CJ if he had any lucky remedies for his missed power shots. Although our record is not impressive, the team is becoming better with every game. Please support us since the rest of our games are at home. We play Harding on Friday, ENSWORTH on Tuesday, and Freedom Middle on Wednesday.



Tee Shot

# BACK PAGE

## Top Ten Holiday Items...

### That Weren't on our List

By Caldwell Tanner and Chris Gioia

1. **The Razor Deluxe Hydraulic Scooter** comes complete with hydraulics and a La Cucaracha Bell.
2. **The Barbed Wire Slinky** great old fashioned fun, complete with a free tetanus shot kit
3. **C4 Silly Putty** explosive fun! Literally
4. **Poo-Chi Doberman Edition** the hottest electronic pet! Has over twenty mean looks and expressions. Responds to gun shot and harsh voices, put two together and watch them fight to the death!! Not for small children.
5. **Remote Control Oil Tanker** a complete replica model of an actual oil tanker. Watch as it cuts through the water at speeds of up to 2 miles per hour!! Comes complete with protesting hippie environmentalist action figure.
6. **The WWF Barbie Collection** join "Sable" Barbie and "Stone Cold" Ken as they fight it out in the ring.
7. **Playstation 2..The Box!** Why give someone a playstation 2 when you can give them the box it came in? instruction booklet included, only \$299
8. **The Razor Blade Yo-Yo** A great way to teach the kids about first

aid (first aid kit not included)

9. **The Minidisc Turntable** a great gift for your favorite midget DJ
10. **The Sony MP2 Walkman** MP3 recording capability with eight-track sound quality, convenient briefcase size is great for traveling.

## The Flumor Column

Mr. Spiegl:  
Phillip, whose  
eyes are you  
gazing  
longingly into?  
Phillip: Just  
looking at  
everyone, sir.  
Mr. Spiegl: Oh,  
so you're  
playing the  
field?



*Cannon sweeps Tyler of his feet!*

If I were king, I  
would conquer all the English-  
speaking worlds with my sentence  
diagramers and grammarians, and then  
I would change the English language  
for the better.

Mr. Popovich

I will diagram your head off!

Davis Martin

Oxymoron: An idiot with bad acne.

Mr. Popovich

Sharp as a marble.

Van Diehl

Bransford: Bigger is better

Mr. Popovich: What if it is a tumor or  
kidney stone, huh?

Mr. Russ: Like Prince, Macedonia  
changed its name.

Gotterer: What did he say?

Cannon: Prince!

Gotterer: He was from Macedonia?

Mr. Spiegl: You guys are probably  
under a lot of stress with school, your  
parents, your girlfriends...

Woolsey (interrupting): My dog.

Mr. Spiegl: Let's just say girlfriends.

### THE BOND SECTION

We put cheese in places you've never  
imagined. Tyler

When I was little,  
my parents used  
to put me in  
boxes. Tyler

Can I take my shirt  
off, it's hot in  
here?

Tyler

Everyone thinks  
I'm stupid but I'm  
not!!

### Deep Thought

*If at first you don't succeed,  
skydiving is not for you!*

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